

## AT A WOOL AUCTION.

An Interesting Picture from the London Wool Exchange.

There is no more curious sight in the city than one of the wool auctions which are now being held every afternoon in the Wool Exchange, Coleman street. Imagine a large and lofty room, capable of holding about 500 people. Benches, in the form of a semi-circle, rise tier above tier, so that all the sitters are plainly visible from the tribune or rostrum—an elevated desk at the bottom of the room. Every seat is numbered, and the highest number is 398. A narrow gallery provides accommodation for the few spectators. Five minutes before 4 nearly every seat is occupied, the demand for them exceeding the supply; and as the clock strikes the hour the auctioneer, or selling broker, takes his place in the tribune. He is a cool, self-possessed, good-looking man, with a keen eye, rosy cheeks, and hair parted in the middle. On either side of him sits a clerk—one bald and dark, and the other hirsute and blonde.

No time is lost in preliminaries; an eloquent wool auctioneer would be an intolerable nuisance, and this one is as sparing of words as a telegram from China. Every buyer before him is the busiest of men, and he has to sell 100,000 pounds sterling worth of wool before 6 o'clock. "Lot 219, ten bales," he says. Simple words, but the signal for the very tempest of excitement. From every part of the room come, as it were, scattered shots in quick succession—"eight, half, nine, ten, ten-half." Then up spring a dozen, or it may be a score, of eager, earnest men, who shout passionately at the top of their voices, and almost in chorus: "Ten-half, ten-half, ten-half, ten-half," until it almost seems as if the roof would split. Some stretch their arms toward the tribune, as if they were threatening a foe; others work them to and fro, as if they were engaged in mortal combat; others, again, raise them upward, as if they were appealing to heaven. They yell still more loudly; gesticulate still more wildly, some in their excitement bending forward until they nearly topple over on the seats below. It is a bear garden, a Babel, a scene of indescribable confusion, and to the uninitiated spectator it seems as if the frantic bidders were about to spring from their places and punch each other's heads.

But the auctioneer speaks one word, and the storm is stilled; every voice is hushed, every man resumes his seat. That word is "Tomkins." The lot has been knocked down to Tomkins. Without one word the selling broker goes on to the next lot, and then there is another startling roar, followed by an equally sudden collapse. The faces of some of the bidders are a study. One gentleman, with a bald head surrounded by a fringe of black hair, and features unmistakably French, gets so excited that you fear he may break a blood vessel or have a fit of apoplexy. His wide nostrils quiver, his swarthy face becomes dark red, he fights the air with his arms, and hurls bids at the auctioneer as if he would annihilate him.

Near the Gaul is a fair Teuton, stalwart and tall, shouting offers as if he were crying "Vorwärts!" in the smoke of battle and glaring at his competitors as if he would like to charge down upon them as the Uhlans charged down upon the French at Gravelotte and Sedan. Not far from the foreigners sits a gentleman whose cast of features and style of dress leave little doubt that he is a manufacturer of wood, or stapler, and hails from a northern country. To make his bid more effective he puts one hand to the side of his mouth and gesticulates with the other; but he needs no artificial aid, for he has a voice of thunder and shouts like a Boanerges.

But why all this noise? Why can not a wool auctioneer knock down his wares to the highest bidder, like any other auctioneer? There is the rub; the difficulty to "spot" the highest bidder. All the firms represented at the auction know to a fraction the value of every parcel they wish to acquire, and five, or ten, or a score, as the case may be, are willing buyers of a certain lot at, let us say 1 shilling a pound—more they can not afford to give. The rule is, when there are several bidders at the same price—and there generally are several bidders—to prefer the one who bids the first, which is practically the one who first succeeds in attracting the auctioneer's attention. In such a contest the feeble-voiced have no chance, and the loud shouters are the most likely to come out of it victorious. When the selling broker names the buyer who has caught his ear, all the rest subside like would-be orators in the House of Commons who fail to catch the speaker's eye. The confidence in the auctioneer's impartiality seems to be absolute; he never loses his self-possession, and time is too precious to be wasted in wrangling.—*London Spectator.*

## The Indigent Widow and Her Piano.

A clerk in the counting-room of a prominent New York paper told me of an ingenious scheme, which I imagine has never been exposed. A respectable dressed and prosperous-looking woman came into the office as if she owned it, and was rather proud of the fact, slammed down an advertisement with the requisite change on the counter, and smiled affably upon the clerk. "Still another?" asked the clerk, brightly. "Still another," repeated the woman. "This time it's a beauty, too. Come to me, you know, when you want one." She smiled again and drifted out of the room. "For three years," said the clerk, "that woman has had an advertisement in the paper every day, announcing that she has for sale at her residence a piano which will go at a bargain. The advertisement invariably states that the instrument has only been in use a week, and is in every respect as good as new, but that sudden reverses in fortune and a decision to move out of town force the owner to sell at once. I thought for the first five or six weeks that her ladyship was having a hard time to sell her piano. Then I began to smell a mouse. One winter night she was obliged to wait here a long time for a car, and a talk led her into a confession that she sold pianos in this way as a regular busi-

ness. She has an arrangement with the manufacturer, by which he furnishes her a fresh piano as soon as the last one is sold, and as they are all of cheap make, but rather showy, they manage to go off very well. She is anxious to keep her business very quiet, but it has been noised abroad, until she now has several competitors, and the Sunday papers will invariably have the names of four widows who are obliged to sell their pianos at once. Every one of them makes a good living by it."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

## The Edible Birds' Nest of China.

The famous edible birds' nests are used for the making of soups exclusively. The nest in question is that of a species of swallow, which builds in caves and on damp rocks on the islands of the Indian Archipelago. This bird macerates a kind of seaweed in its crop, and constructs the nest by drawing this food forth again through its mouth in gelatinous fibers, which it attaches to the damp stone with its bill. These nests are of the same shape as those which the chimney swallows build, and hold the eggs and young of the bird against the cliff in the same manner. They are usually about three or four inches long. The operation of preparing these nests for food involves considerable labor, for every particle of dirt or feathers must be carefully picked away, and the whole washed several times in water. When the nests are perfectly free from impurities they are stewed with eggs, spices, etc., into a soup. The nest itself is almost tasteless, and greatly resembles isinglass in its appearance and gelatinous properties when cooked. This dish depends upon the flavors and seasoning used with it for its palatable quality, but the substance of the nest is believed to render the soup very nourishing. Procuring these nests is difficult and dangerous work, and the total import into China scarcely exceeds 500 pounds yearly. They are rated as a great delicacy, sometimes selling as high as \$30 a pound, and are only seen on the tables of the wealthiest classes.—*Inter-Ocean.*

## The Woman Who Works at Home.

I notice, says a Chicago lady, that in all of this talk about what is designated as women's labor the every-day routine work of the housekeeper is ignored. There is no reference to the work of the women whose lives are passed in home-making and home-keeping. They are not considered as active workers. They are regarded as a negative, non-productive class. Yet the profession of the housekeeper is regarded as the most natural and proper avocation of women. There is no other trade so complex. None more difficult. Add to this the cares of motherhood, and what else can a woman engage in which will so completely absorb every energy of which she is capable? To be a good housewife and mother is by no means the occupation of an idler. Perhaps my notions are obsolete; but I think the woman who creates a comfortable home and raises children worthy manhood and womanhood is the noblest work of God, and is quite as much of a producer as the woman who writes a book, invents some machine, or follows a profession.—*Chicago News.*

## Barnum and Shakespeare's Home.

Phineas T. Barnum did more for Shakespeare's home than any living man. This sounds passing strange, but it is true. If it had not been for Barnum the birthplace of the great bard would not be in a state of preservation as it is to-day. When Barnum was in England in 1874 in search of curiosities he learned that Shakespeare's birthplace was for sale, and it was proposed to tear it down and put a store on the site. The great showman thought he saw a chance to secure a prize, and at once offered what was equivalent to \$13,000 for the house. His idea was to bring the structure bodily to America and put it on exhibition. The owner of the house wanted \$15,000 for the property, and stuck at that price. Before Barnum had a chance to raise his offer several Englishmen, admirers of the immortal William, concluded it would be a shame to have the house go out of Stratford, and accordingly purchased it at once.—*Stratford-on-Avon Cor. Trenton Times.*

RELIGIOUS opposition to the custom of saluting people when they sneezed arose among the Anabaptists in the beginning of the last century. They declared it was a pagan custom and would have none of it among the faithful, yet a few years before that good and quaint old man Montaigne declared, "Let us give an honest welcome to this sort of wind, for it comes from the head and is blameless." Tradition has it when Caesar was on the brink of the Rubicon he sneezed, and regarding it as a favorable omen, crossed it, and the conquest of Gaul followed. Those who have read Xenophon's Memorabilia of the career and habits of Socrates, remember that he claimed he was infested with a demon or spirit to whom he owed all his wisdom. Now, Plutarch says that the demon always sent him characteristic warnings by means of sneezes.

## A Parson's Conscience.

Elder Phillips, who was a jovial soul, settled many years ago near the headwaters of the Susquehanna. He was, in fact, a Presbyterian dominie. He was full of humor, and ready with his repartee on all occasions. Jack Rickitt, a quasi-parishioner, who was more punctual at the river than at church, presented the Elder one Monday morning with a fine string of pickered.

Elder Phillips thanked him graciously for the gift. "But, Elder," suggested Jack, still retaining the fish, "those were caught yesterday" (Sunday). "Perhaps yer conscience won't let ye eat em."

"Jack," replied the Elder, stretching out his hand toward the string, "there's one thing I know: the pickered were not to blame."—*Harper's Magazine.*

## EXCITEMENT IN ROCHESTER.

Widespread Commotion Caused by That Remarkable Statement of a Physician.

The story published in these columns recently, from the Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat, created a deal of comment here as it elsewhere. Apparently it caused even more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well known not only in Rochester but in nearly every part of this State, has been made at the subject, a few days ago, which was published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal inquiries which have been made at his office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion at his residence on Andrews street, when the following interview occurred: "That article of yours, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued, such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them, and many additional ones. I was brought so low by neglecting the first and most simple symptoms, I did not think I could sustain the truth of the matter. I felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day, and was ravenous the next; felt dull pains and my stomach was out of order; but I did not think it meant anything serious, and I neglected it. I have been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. The symptoms I have just mentioned, or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels, indicate the approach of kidney disease more than anything else, and they are the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to relieve the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, pains about the body, or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it, Doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of diseases are torturing people to-day, which in reality are Bright's disease in some of its many forms. It is a hidden, deadly monster, and the slightest symptoms should excite terror and worry the one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malaria, and other ailments, which in reality were caused by Bright's disease."

"And all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the use of the same remedy. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this matter, and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also."

Mr. Warner was visited at his establishment, North St. Street. At first he was inclined to be reticent, but learning that the information desired was about Bright's disease, his manner changed instantly and he spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease had increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that from '90 to '80, its growth was over 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off: Everett, Sumner, now, gentlemen," he said, "as we have here, Folger, Coffey, and others. Nearly every week the papers record the death of some prominent man from this scourge. Recently, however, the increase has been checked, and I attribute this to the general use of my remedy."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have here the unhealthy indications, I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly grew pale, and he exclaimed: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; I have Bright's disease of the kidneys.' And in less than a year he was dead."

"You speak of your own experience; what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'There goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proved true if I had not provided a lyse remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

Dr. S. A. Lattimore, although busily engaged upon some matters connected with the State Board of Health, of which he is one of the members, courteously answered the questions that were propounded him:

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, Doctor?"

"What did this analysis show you?"

"The presence of albumen and tube casts in great abundance."

"And what did the symptoms indicate?"

"A case of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir, I did not think it possible."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"I have chemically analyzed it and find it pure and harmless."

We publish the foregoing statements in view of the commotion which the publicity of Dr. Henion's article has caused, and to the serious disease which have been made. The Doctor was cured four years ago, and is well and attending to his professional duties to-day. The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question and the statements they make cannot for a moment be doubted. Dr. Henion's experience shows that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, and that it can be cured.

## Money No Object.

Bill Snobberly is a New York dude, who, like most of them, has more money than brains. He delights to pay the most extravagant prices for things, merely to see how people talk about his extravagance. Entering an up-town restaurant, he said to the waiter: "Waitah, bring me a boiled two-dollar woodcock."

"I can't sir, for we have no woodcock; but I can bring you four oysters for two dollars."—*Pecan Sifters.*

## A Prize in the Lottery

of life which is usually unappreciated until it is lost, perhaps never to return, is health. What a priceless boon it is, and how we ought to cherish it, that life may not be a useless blank to us. Many of the diseases that flesh is heir to, and which make life burdensome, such as consumption (scrofula of the lungs) and other scrofulous and blood diseases, find a complete cure in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" when all other remedies have failed. For a pamphlet on consumption mailed for two stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Weather.  
Lieut. Charles W. McKim, Portland, Ky., states: "For twenty years I suffered with rheumatism. During the bad weather my suffering was terrible. I was about to give up. Some one suggested the application of St. Jacobs Oil. I tried it and its relief was rapid. In half an hour I could stand up. I no longer suffer with the pains."

The Chaplain of the Southern Illinois Penitentiary, in his biennial report, recommends that criminals be kept in confinement until they are thoroughly reformed, whether the time be two years or twenty. He argues that the safety of society demands the perpetual confinement of the hardened and hopeless criminal, and that if there is no chance for his reformation no good to the man or the community is accomplished by sentencing him to hard labor for a limited period, and then setting him loose to repeat his evil deeds.

## The Art of Getting Vigorous

Is comprised in one very simple piece of advice, improve digestion. No elaborate system of dietetics is needed. If you lack vigor, use systematically that pleasant promoter of it, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. If you take this hint, and do not commit any excesses, there is no reason why you should not gain in strength, appetite, and weight. Hosts of whom invalids are to-day building a foundation for years of vigorous health with this sound and thorough renovator of a dilapidated physique and failing energy. Dyspepsia is eradicated by it, and the constitution fortified against disorders to which, if it were exposed, it must surely succumb—notably malaria fever. Rheumatism, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, nervousness, and their various symptoms disappear when calmed with persistency, not abandoned after a brief and irregular trial.

Prof. Schwenninger's method of curing corpulence, which has so greatly benefited Bismarck, is not, it seems, a new thing under the sun, for Pliny says in the twenty-third book of his natural history that "whoever wishes to become stout must drink between the courses; while he who wishes to become lean must thirst at his meals and afterward drink but little." Many Germans are adopting these methods at present; but as a large number of them take their meals at restaurants, a peculiar difficulty has arisen. The restaurateurs declare that their only profits are made on the beer and wine that they sell, the food being often thrown in below cost. They do not, therefore, look with favor on the Schwenningerer.

## All Men Are Liars.

said David of old. He was promptly prompted to make the above remark after trying some unreliable catarrh remedy. Had he been permitted to live until the present day, and tried the Sage Catarrh Remedy, he might have had a better opinion of mankind. We claim that no case of catarrh can withstand the magic effects of this wonderful medicine. One trial of it will convince you of its efficacy. By druggists; fifty cents.

WHEN a young man is fingering the cash left him by his grandfather, can it be said he is reveling in his ancestral haunts?

DELICATE diseases of either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Consultation free. Book three (3ct.) stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

CYCLOPS are becoming so plenty out West that almost every poor family can afford to have one.—*Bradford Mail.*

## Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot; 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator, Restaurant supplied with the best. Home call, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union than at any first-class hotel in the city.

Why is an empty whisky barrel like Hades? Because it is the place of departed spirits.—*Life.*

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

FOR SICK HEADACHE. Dr. N. S. Road, CHICAGO, says: "I think it is a remedy of the highest value in many forms of mental and nervous exhaustion, attended by sick headache, dyspepsia and diminished vitality."

The fame that comes from hanging is but a cheap honor.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

PHYSICIANS prescribe Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

An opera glass—the one taken between the acts.—*Boston Post.*

"Put up at the Gault House." The business man or tourist will find first-class accommodations at the low price of \$2 and \$2.50 per day at the Gault House, Chicago, corner Clinton and Madison streets. This far-famed hotel is located in the center of the city, only one block from the Union Depot. Elevator; all appointments first-class.

## A Blood Purifier.

As a blood purifier the Compound Oxygen Treatment of Drs. Starkey & Folen, 1100 Grand St., Phila., has no equal. It is taken by inhalation, and gives a larger supply of oxygen to the lungs than is contained in common air, and so rapidly purifies the blood and vitalizes the whole system. Write for a Treatise on Compound Oxygen. It will be sent free.

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FOR THE CURE OF FEVER AND ACUE  
Or CHILLS and FEVER, AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.  
The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed, and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or ten days. The disease has been checked more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.  
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and scrofulous affections—the King of Blood Purifiers.  
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## AN EXPLANATION.

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He Who Becomes a Treasurer of Money for Another is Responsible for a Safe Return.

How much more responsible is he who has in charge the health and life of a human being. We have considered well the recent Madison, Wis. and in preparing our ALLEN'S LUNG BAL-SAM, which for twenty-five years has been favorably known as one of the best and purest remedies for all throat and lung diseases, we are particularly to use nothing but the best ingredients. NO OPIUM in any form enters its composition. It is to your interest to stand by the old and tried remedy, ALLEN'S LUNG BAL-SAM, and see that a bottle is always kept on hand for immediate use. READ THE FOLLOWING:

**NEW EVIDENCE:**  
I took a violent cold and it settled on my lungs so much so that at times I spit blood. ALLEN'S LUNG BAL-SAM was recommended to me as a good remedy. I took it, and am now sound and well.  
Yours respectfully, A. J. HILMANN.  
ANDOVER, Pa., April 7, 1888.

A. J. COLBORN, Esq., Editor of the "Herald," writes: "I can recommend ALLEN'S LUNG BAL-SAM as being the best remedy for Colds and Coughs I ever used."  
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Yours truly, H. C. MOONEY, Druggist.

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Gentlemen—Allow me to say that after using three bottles of ALLEN'S LUNG BAL-SAM for a bad attack of Bronchitis, I am entirely cured. I send this voluntarily, that those afflicted may be benefited.  
Yours respectfully, BURLIN H. DAVIS.

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"Pretty Wives, Lovely daughters, and noble men."  
"My farm lies in a rather low and miserable situation, and  
"My wife!  
"Who?  
"Was a very pretty blonde!"  
Twenty years ago, became  
"Sallow!"  
"Hollow-eyed!"  
"Withered and aged!"  
Before her time, from  
"Malarial vapors, though she made no particular complaint, not being of the grumpy kind, yet causing me great uneasiness."  
"A short time ago I purchased your remedy for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of biliousness, and it occurred to me that the remedy might help my wife, as I found that our little girl upon recovery had  
"Lost!"  
"Her sallowness, and looked as fresh as a new-blown daisy. Well, the story is soon told. My wife to-day has gained her old-time beauty with compound interest, and is now as handsome a matron (if I do say it myself) as can be found in this country, which is noted for pretty women. And I have only Hop Bitters to thank for it."  
"The dear creature just looked over my shoulder and says, 'I can flatter equal to the days of our courtship,' and that reminds me that there might be more pretty wives if my brother farmers would do as I have done."  
Hoping you may long be spared to do good. I thankfully remain,  
G. L. JAMES.

BEILTSVILLE, Prince George Co., Md., May 26th, 1883.

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